
The
Hurdy Gurdy
by
Laura
E
Richards


JJM



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The Hurdy-Gurdy

By LAURA E. RICHARDS

Author of
"Captain January," "Quicksilver Sue," "Five Minute Stories," etc.



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THE HURDY-GURDY
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TO

Adams Sherman Hill,

Arthur Dehon Hill,

Adams Sherman Hill, Jr.,

THREE GENERATIONS OF AGREEABLE BOYS,

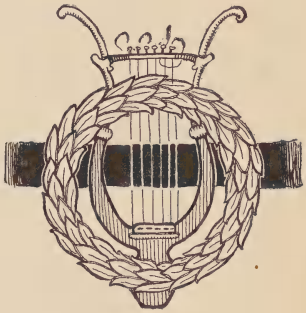
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THE HURDY-GURDY

INTRODUCTION



"And I am a Doggerel Bard!" — *The Bab Ballads.*

ONCE I longed to be a poet;
Longed to touch the lovely lyre;
Joy celestial, I would know it,
Holy rage and tragic fire.
So I twanged amain, while swelled
Loud my carol, wild and wordy;
Till, glancing at the thing I held, —
Lo! it was a hurdy-gurdy!

Turn, my hurdy-gurdy, turn!
Not for thee the songs of wonder;
Not for thee the words that burn,
Not for thee the chords that thunder.
Nay! but if thy reedy trill,
Piping gay as morning birdie,
Bring the children dancing still,
Turn, oh, turn, my hurdy-gurdy!

Look! the poet stands apart,
With his clear eyes raised to heaven.
Pain and rapture shake his heart,
But the best to grief is given.
Lonely stands he there and high,
Pointing upward, stern and single:
Hurdy-gurdy, thou and I
With the jostling crowd must mingle.

Turn, my hurdy-gurdy, turn!
 Raise the song that breaks in laughter!
Goodly wages we shall earn,
 If a child come tripping after.
Little maids all cherry-ripe,
 Little lads all brown and sturdy,
While they follow at thy pipe,
 Turn, still turn, my hurdy-gurdy!

Sweet are tears that lovers shed;
 Thrilling falls the kiss of passion;
Deep the note that mourns the dead;
 Wildly clear the bugle's fashion.
Crashing goes Life's symphony,
 Sobbing, laughing, pain and pleasure;
Hurdy-gurdy, thou and I,
 Keep we true our tiny measure!



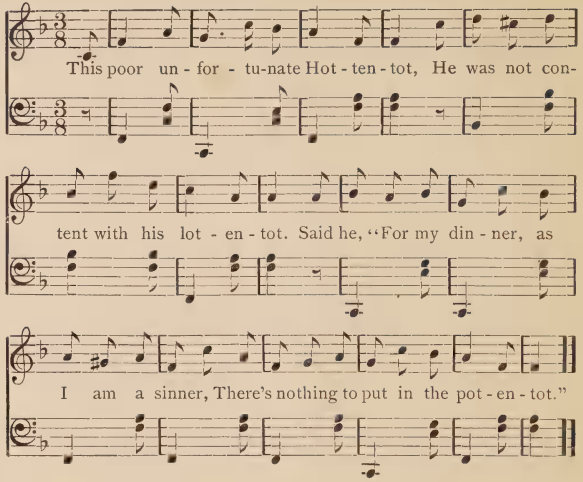
Turn, my hurdy-gurdy, turn!
Sing, whatever skies be dreary,
Let no child in sadness yearn;
Keep the babies bright and cheery!
Every day be glad and gay,
Rosy, cosy, cream-and-curdy;
Dancing, glancing down the way,
Turn, still turn, my hurdy-gurdy!






The Poor
Unfortunate Hottentot

The Poor Unfortunate Hottentot.



THE POOR UNFORTUNATE HOTTENTOT

This poor unfortunate Hottentot
He was not content with his lottentot:
Quoth he, "For my dinner,
As I am a sinner,
There's nothing to put in the pottentot!"

This poor unfortunate Hottentot
Said, "Yield to starvation I'll nottentot:
I'll see if I can't elope
With a young antelope, —
One who'll enjoy being shottentot."

This poor unfortunate Hottentot,
His bow and his arrows he gottentot:





And being stout-hearted,
At once he departed,
And struck through the Bush at a trottentot.

This poor unfortunate Hottentot,
Was not many miles from his cottentot,
When he chanced to set eyes on
A snake that was pison,
A-tying itself in a knottentot.

This poor unfortunate Hottentot
Remarked, "This for me is no spottentot!
I'd better be going;
There's really no knowing;
I might on his view be a blottentot."

This poor unfortunate Hottentot,
Was turning to fly to his grottentot,

When a lioness met him,
And suddenly ate him,
As penny's engulfed by the slottentot.

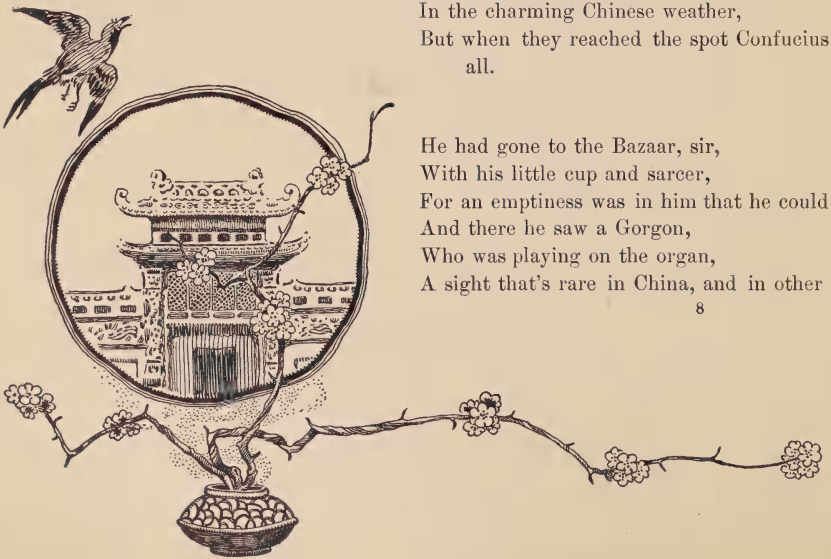
MORAL.

This poor unfortunate Hottentot
Had better have borne with his lottentot.
A simple banana
Had staved off Nirvana:
But what had become of my plottentot?



THE GARGOYLE AND THE GRIFFIN

Once a Gargoyle and a Griffin
Thought they'd go and take their tiffin
With the Eminent Confucius, just outside the temple wall;
So they started off together,
In the charming Chinese weather,
But when they reached the spot Confucius wasn't there at all.



He had gone to the Bazaar, sir,
With his little cup and sarcer,
For an emptiness was in him that he could not well abide;
And there he saw a Gorgon,
Who was playing on the organ,
A sight that's rare in China, and in other lands beside.


J.J.MORA

The Gargoyle and the Griffin
Gave a mournful, scornful sniff in
The direction of the temple, then they followed on his track;
For they said, "There may be food there,
And the cigarettes are good there,
And if Confushy does not treat, we'll treat him — to a whack!"

So they toddled on together
In the charming Chinese weather,
Till they reached the great Bazaar where all the people used to go;
And they too saw the Gorgon,
Who was playing on the organ,
And they said, "What may this creature be, we do not, do not know!"

Now Confucius was retiring
In his nature, and admiring





He stood behind the Gorgon while he listened to her lay:
But the other two stood staring
With their goggle-eyes a-glaring,
Till the Gorgon chanced to look at them; and then —alas,
the day!

Said the Gargoyle to the Griffin,
"Sir, I feel a trifle stiff in
My joints, and I propose that we retire from this spot!"
Said the Griffin to the other,
"I would gladly go, my brother,
But a feeling's o'er me stealing that retire I — can — *not!*"

Not for long they made their moan there;
They were both turned into stone there,
And their stony, bony carcasses adorned the public way;
While the cheerful little Gorgon
Played away upon her organ,
And enjoyed herself immensely the remainder of the day.

But the Eminent Confucius
Cried aloud, " My goodness *grucious !*
My neighbors are converted into granite in my sight.
Let me flee from this Bazaar, sir,
With my little cup and sarcer,
For really, for the moment, I have lost my appetite ! "





THE WANDERING CYCLONE

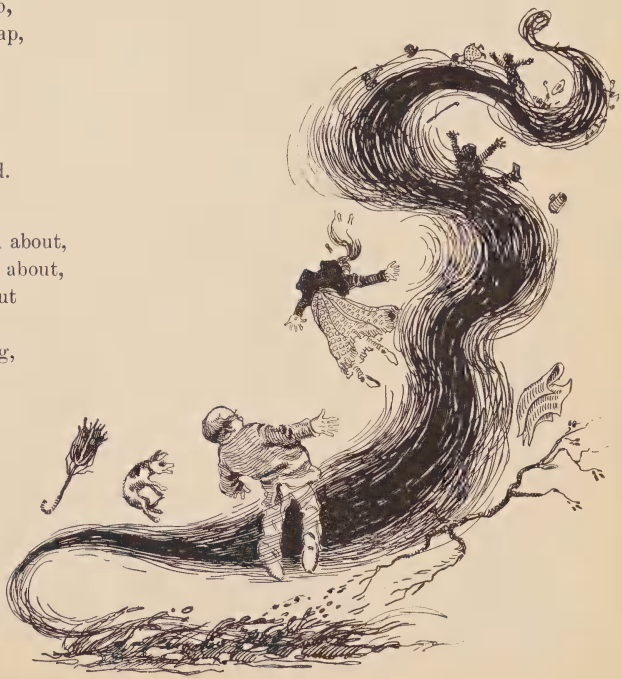
A cyclone went a-wandering,
(And squandering, and pondering),
A cyclone went a-wandering,
To see what he could see.
O'er hills and valleys tumbling
And grumbling and rumbling,
And humble-bumble-mumbling,
As black as black could be.

He sent the tiles a-scattering,
And clattering, and battering,
He sent the roofs a-shattering
Right down into the street.
And next he blew the steeple off,
And then he blew the people off,

And now across the deep he'll off
To make his work complete.

O'er Europe with an airy leap,
A whisking, frisking, fairy leap,
A crashing, smashing, scary leap,
He rattled and he roared;
But when he came to Asia,
The way grew vastly mazier,
And his ideas grew hazier,
And he was somewhat bored.

Through Hindostan he whirled about,
And swirled about, and hurled about,
Till, sudden, as he twirled about
The town of Tra-la-lee,
He came to where was standing,
In amplitude commanding,





Her thousand branches banding,
A stately Banyan Tree.

The cyclone stopped and scowled at it,
And then he stood and growled at it,
And then he rose and howled at it,
And who so mad as he?
"O Tree," he cried, "away with you!
I have no time to stay with you;
I'll just a moment play with you,
While yet alive you be."

The Banyan rustled mockingly,
And waved its branches rockingly;
"Alas!" it answered; "shockingly
'Twill grieve me to depart;
Yet ere I go, pray call to me
My running rootlets all to me,

My drooping branches tall to me,
Or break a mother's heart."

The raging Cyclone tore away,
And shore away, and swore away;
At every dash he bore away
A hundred boughs or so;
But the more he came to see of them,
The more there seemed to be of them;
At length he wished him free of them,
And turned him round to go.

Oh!
But
Then!!!

The trailing branches stooped at him,
And swooped at him, and scooped at him,





The rambling rootlets looped at him,
And tripped him here and there.
The big green leaves they flapped at him,
And tapped at him, and slapped at him,
And hard and harder rapped at him
And drove him to despair.

The tangling twiglets tore his face,
The creepers dangled o'er his face,
He could not see before his face,
He could not see behind;
The myriad trunks surrounded him,
And bounded him, and pounded him,
And worse and worse confounded him,
Till he was deaf and blind.

The wretched Cyclone sighed away,
And tried away, and cried away;

"Oh! let me mount and ride away
Across the ocean blue!
Oh! let me go, you horrid things,
You winding, binding, torrid things;
I'm sorry that I worried things;
Boo hoo! boo hoo! boo hoo!"

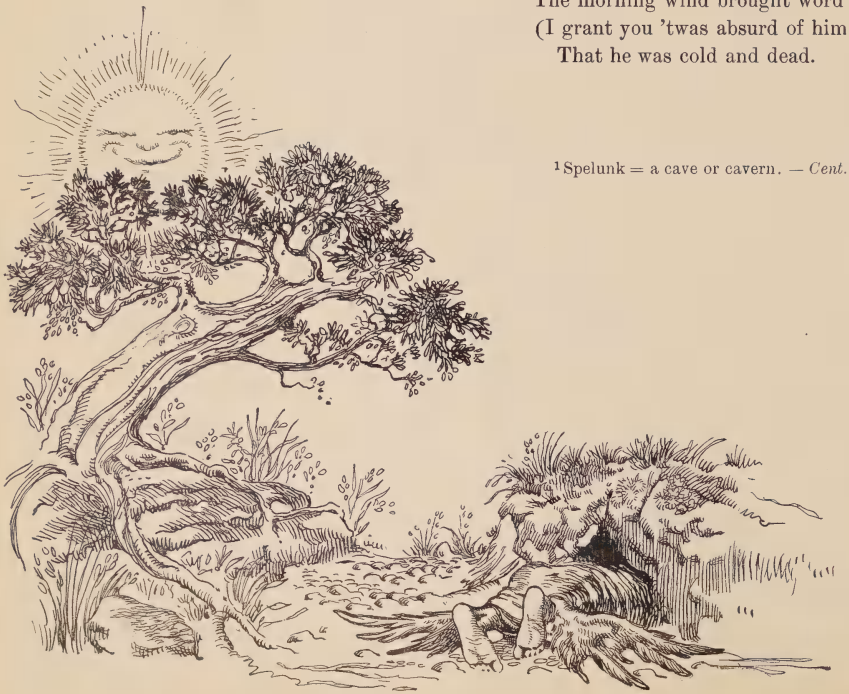
The Banyan rustled cheerfully,
And winked and chuckled leerfully;
"Oh! friend," it said, "how fearfully
You frightened me at first!
You don't incline to clamber me?
Then go! but pray remember me!
In trying to dismember me,
Dear sir, you're not the first."

The wretched Cyclone slunk away,
And shrunk away, and sunk away;



At length in a spelunk [1] away
He hid his shameful head;
And the last thing that I heard of him,
The morning wind brought word of him,
(I grant you 'twas absurd of him,)
That he was cold and dead.

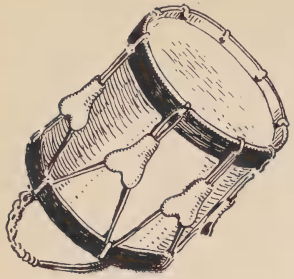
[1] Spelunk = a cave or cavern. — *Cent. Dict.*



THE RHYME OF THE DRUMLIE DRUMMER

Once there lived a little boy,
Who in drumming found his joy:
Dawn and daybreak, noon and night,
Drumming was his heart's delight.
When above his task he bent,
" Tum te tum " his fingers went;
When at games he smiling sat,
Still they sounded " Rat tat tat."
On the table, on the chair,
On the crystal window fair,
On his book or on his work,
With his spoon or with his fork,
Still this foolish little body
Drummed and drummed, " Te tum te-toddy."
If his hands were busied quite,





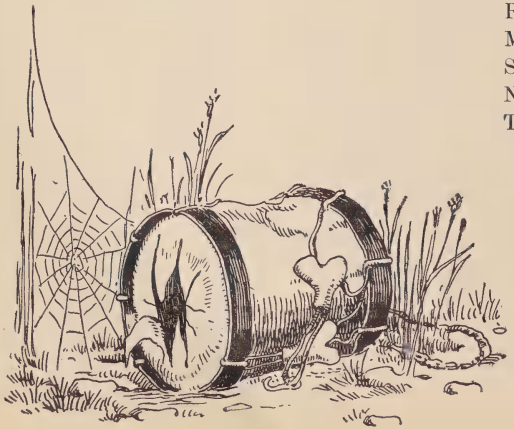
Still his feet kept up the fight;
"Rumpty tumpty, tiddledy tee,
Wigglety wagglety wogglety wee."
But one morning as he stood
Pounding on the harmless wood,
Suddenly — a dreadful comer —
In there marched the Drumlie Drummer.
Eight feet tall and four feet wide,
Yards of bearskin cap beside,
Armed with drumsticks thick and long,
Made of hardest wood and strong.
On the youngster's arm seized he;
Said, "My boy, now come with me.
Autumn, winter, spring and summer,
All your life you've been a drummer;
Now, my little Master Ned,
You shall be a drum instead."
Tied his arms, his leggies too,
With a ribbon broad and blue;

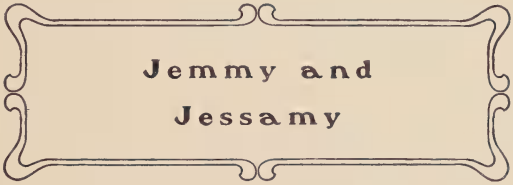
Slung him round his neck — "and now,
Master Ned, I'll show you how!"
Marching, marching through the town
Goes the Drummer up and down;
"Tum te tum te tum te tum"
Goes the dreadful, Nedful drum.
Dangling from the ribbon blue,
Neddy feels the dread tattoo,
"Rumpty iddity whango whack,"
Up and down upon his back.
Neddy's shrieks distract the air,
Yet no creature seems to care;
Father, mother, sister dear,
Pass him by and never hear.
"Rub dub dub dub di do dee,
Drumming is the sport for me;
Di do di do, dum dum dum,
See my dreadful, Nedful drum!
Tum tum tum tum tum tum tummer,



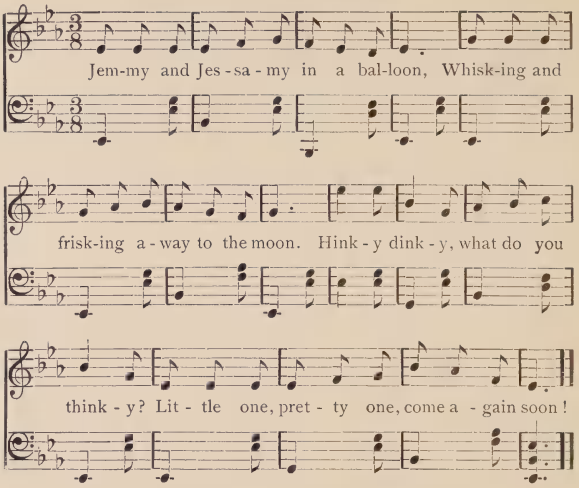
Here I go, the Drumlie Drummer.
Little boys who can't keep still,
Come with me, and soon you will.
Tumplety tumplety tumplety tee,
Rub a dub dub a dub dub a dub dee,
Rumpty iddity whango *Whack*,
Up and down upon your back!"

When at last unhappy Ned
Woke to find himself in bed,
From his toe-toes to his crown,
All was black and blue and brown;
And his back did ache — and ache –
Really, truly, fit to break.
Mother with a plaster hid it,
Said that horrid football did it:
Ned said nothing; but I hear
That he drums no more this year.




Jemmy and
Jessamy

Jemmy and Jessamy.



JEMMY AND JESSAMY

Some of the rhymes
About some of the times
That Jemmy and Jessamy had:
She was a girl,
A pink and a pearl,
And he was a dear little lad.

I.

Jemmy and Jessamy in a balloon,
Whisking and frisking away to the moon.
Hinky dinky!
What do you thinky?
Little ones, pretty ones, come again soon!



Jemmy and Jessamy up in the sky;
Never old woman was tossed up so high;
Hinky dinky!
What do you thinky?
Never a wing, and yet see how we fly!

Jemmy and Jessamy met with a star;
Asked them how ever they travelled so far;
Hinky dinky!
What do you thinky?
"I'll be the lantern to light up your car!"

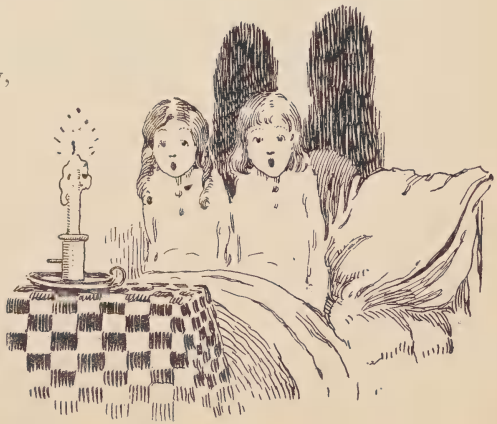
Jemmy and Jessamy met with a cloud,
Fluffy and puffy and pretty and proud;
Hinky dinky!
What do you thinky?
"I'll be your pillow, if I am allowed!"

Jemmy and Jessamy waking in bed;
Never a star or a cloud to their head;
Hinky dinky!
What do you thinky?
Stupid old candle and bolster instead!

II.

Jemmy and Jessamy riding a horse;
Going to ride to Australia, of course;
Hopsy popsy!
Why do you stopsy?
Whack him and thwack him, with terrible force!

Jemmy and Jessamy riding away;
Pass through Japan and Peru on their way,
Hopsy popsy!
Why do you stopsy?
Emperor wants us to get off and play!



Jemmy and Jessamy galloping still;
African caravan, Indian hill;
Hopsy popsy!
Why do you stopsy?
Cocoanuts! poke 'e nuts! nibble our fill!

Jemmy and Jessamy rushing ahead;
"Running away, is he? give him his head!"
Fumble, stumble!
Terrible tumble!
Pick up the pieces, and put them to bed!

III.

Jemmy and Jessamy up in a swing;
"You'll be the queen now, and I'll be the king!"
Highty tighty!
Wonderful sighty!
Marry you straight with a hyacinth ring!

Jemmy and Jessamy swinging so free;
"Jemmy, my crown has blowed up in the tree!"
Highty tighty!
Wonderful sighty!
Play it's a bird's nest, and so let it be!

Jemmy and Jessamy singing so clear,
"Somebody, come body, look at us here!"
Highty tighty!
Beautiful sighty!
Never saw anything like it, my dear!

Jemmy and Jessamy down on the grass;
Royalty brought to a piteous pass!
Highty tighty!
Wofullest sighty!
Poor little Majesty! poor little lass!





DOG – GEREL

I sat beside a lady fair,
 A lady grave and sweet;
Withal so wise, that well I might
 Have sat me at her feet.
She stooped to pat the puppy dog
 That gambolled at her knee;
And when she spoke, 'twas in a tongue
 Was wholly strange to me.

"A wizzy wizzy woggums, then!
 A ditty dotty doggums, then!
 And diddy wanty dumpy up?
 A pitty witty pessums pup!"

I spoke to her of foreign climes,
Of politics and popes;
Of Bishop Bylow's pious rhymes,
And General Jingo's hopes.
She answered well and wittily,
Then turned her eyes aside,
And tenderly she whispered to
The creature by her side.

"A pupsy wupsy keeter, then!
Was never nossin sweeter, then!
A teenty tawnty tiny tot,
A lovely dovely darling dot!"

I rose at length and strolled away,
Not wishing to intrude;
Yet thought perhaps she'd bid me stay,
And rather hoped she would.

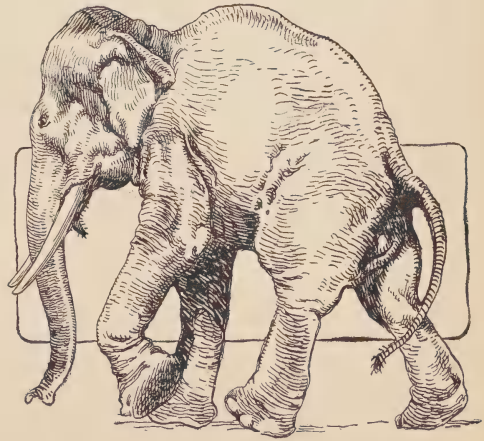


But no! she never raised her head.
I turned the corner near,
And as I went, her silver tones
Still floated to my ear.

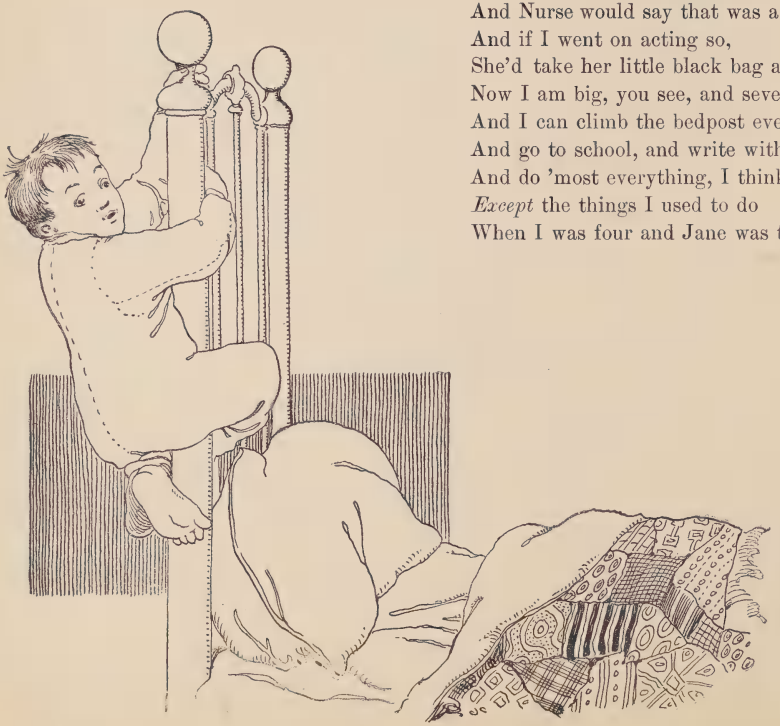
"A toodle toodle toodle, then!
A wisky wasky woodle, then!
A 'toopid mamny gone, my joy,
My diddy doddy dorglums boy!"

LOOKING BACKWARD

When I was young, I once was able
To stand beneath the nursery table.
I played I was all kinds of things,
Butchers, and elephants, and kings,
Or else a robber in a cave,
All over swords and things to wave,
And rushing out and shouting "Die!"
Whenever Jane or Nurse passed by.
Sometimes I played it was the sea,
And Jane would come and fish for me,
And if she pulled me out, I was
A monstrous crab with savage claws,
Or else a porpoise, or a shark,
Or something that couldn't get into the Ark,
So no one ever knew its name,



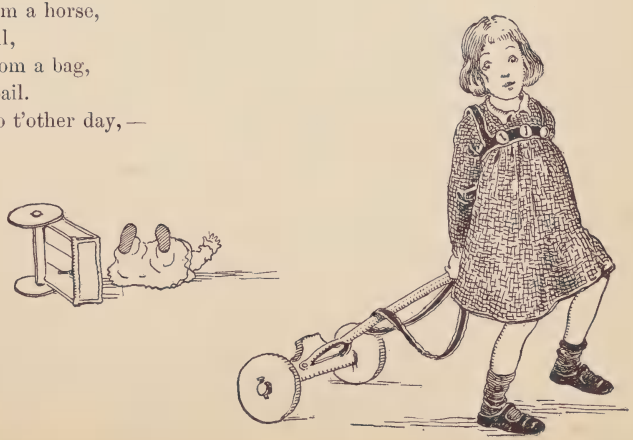
But still I was it just the same.
But most times I pulled Janey in,
And Nurse would say that was a sin,
And if I went on acting so,
She'd take her little black bag and go!
Now I am big, you see, and seven,
And I can climb the bedpost even,
And go to school, and write with ink,
And do 'most everything, I think,
Except the things I used to do
When I was four and Jane was two.



SOME OF THE THINGS I DO

When I play that I'm a bird,
 Then I try to fly;
Lifting up my pinafore
 High, high, high;
Spreading out my pinafore
 Wide, wide, wide;
You might think that it was wings,
 If you truly tried.

When I play that I'm a horse,
 Then I wear a tail,
Eat my luncheon from a bag,
 Drink it from a pail.
Smashed the cart up t'other day,—
 Baby in it, too!



When he's scared and runs away
What's a horse to do ?

When I play that I'm a wolf,
Then I howl and roar,
Sniffing here, snuffing there,
Round the nursery door.
Daddy says he'll spank me soon,
If I still annoy ;
Think perhaps, this afternoon,
I'll be a little boy !



A LOVE SONG

When I think about him, I laugh, and say
"John! dear John!"
The thought of him sets my heart at play,
John, dear John!
And as I wander along the street,
And look at the boys and girls I meet,
I see that there's never a one so sweet
As John, dear John.

A beauty? hardly! His hair is red,
John, dear John!
His figure is like a feather-bed,
John, dear John!
When one of his hugs I must endure,
I think the bears have got me, sure!



And feel to see if my ribs are fewer;
John, dear John!

His boots are generally out at the toe,
John, dear John!
Where his mittens go to we never know,
John, dear John!
His pockets are full of string and crumbs,
His fingers are every one of them thumbs,
And he likes *St. Nicholas* better than sums;
John, dear John!

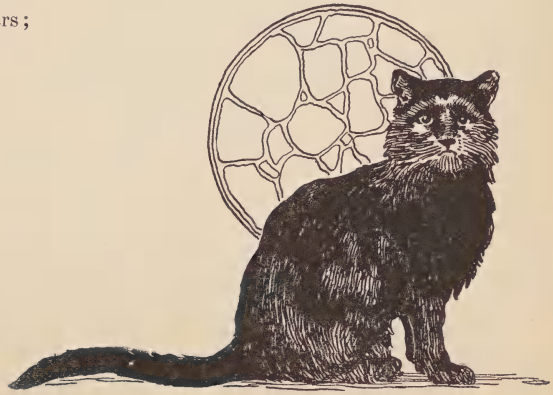
But I think 'tis the love that shines in his face,
John, dear John!
That lends it a little of Heaven's grace,
John, dear John!
And if I were offered the world for choice
Of something to make my heart rejoice,
I'd choose the sound of his dear old voice,
John, dear John!

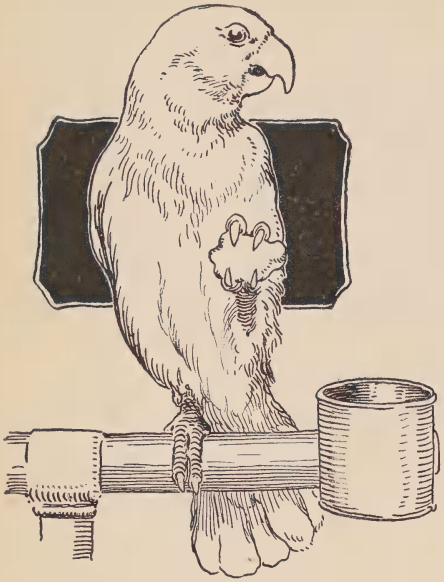
A TRAGEDY

My Aunt Mary Anne had a cat,
 My Aunt Sarah Jane had a parrot;
And one was as black as my hat,
 And t'other was red as a carrot.

The parrot he lived on a perch,
 The cat had her bed in a basket,
And when we all went off to church,
 Were peaceful as any could ask it.

We think they were jealous, poor dears;
 We think each desired dominion;
However it chanced, it appears
 A difference they had of opinion.





My Aunt Mary Anne's a bit set,
My Aunt Sarah Jane's a bit fussy;
And one made the parrot a pet,
And t'other was daft about Pussy.

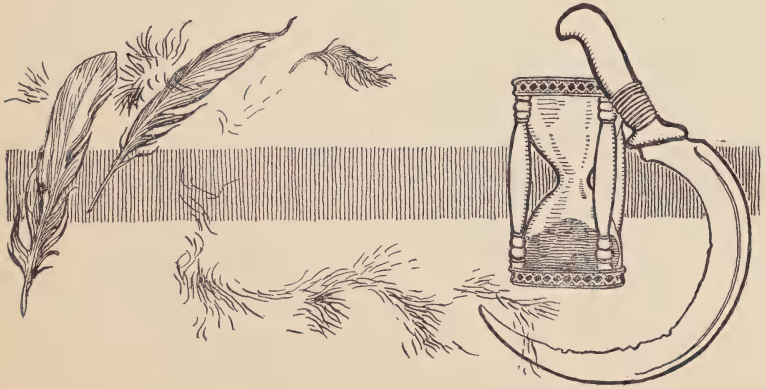
So, soon as the service was o'er,
They almost ran into each other,
Each bound to get first through the door
In panic they hardly could smother.

Hurry-scurry, they entered the room,
But stopped in an anguish of fright;
For — oh, moment of sorrow and doom! —
Neither parrot nor cat was in sight.

"Come, Pussy!" "Come, Polly!" they cried,
And searched every corner dim-lighted;
(My Aunt Mary Anne is wall-eyed,
My Aunt Sarah Jane is near-sighted).



Never ask the result of the search!
Too much my composure 'twould task it
There were black hairs all over the perch.
And red feathers all over the basket.





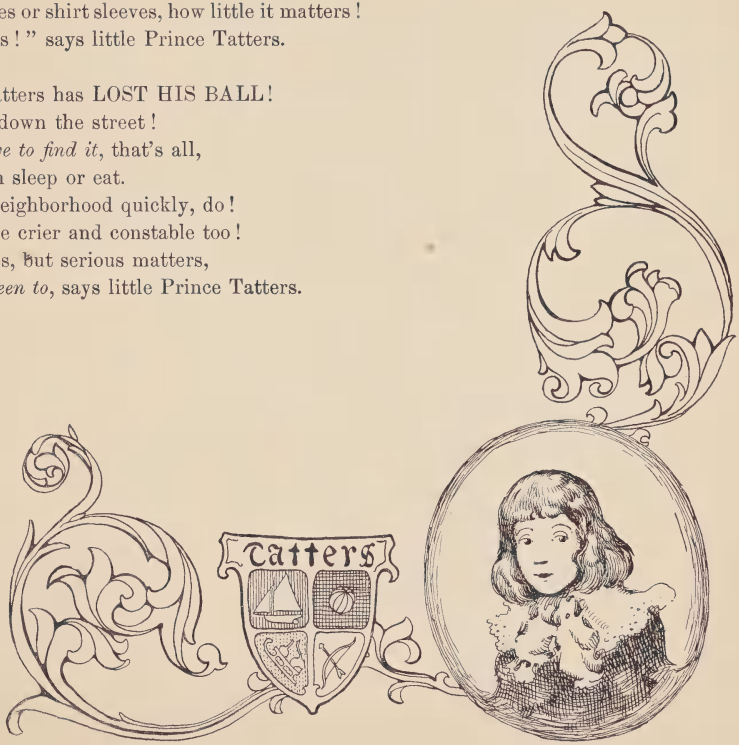
PRINCE TATTERS

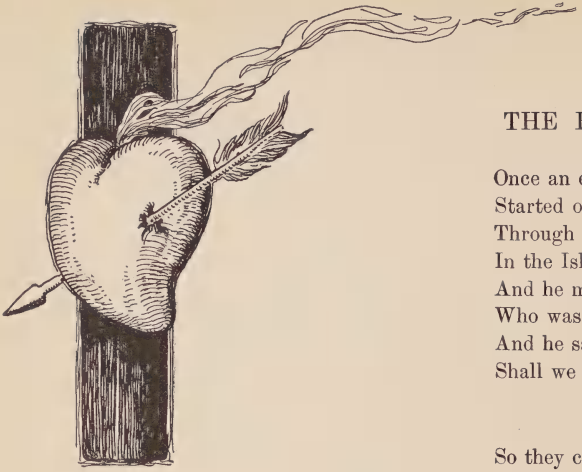
Little Prince Tatters has lost his cap!
Over the hedge he threw it;
Into the river it fell "kerslap!"
Stupid old thing, to do it!
Now Mother may sigh and Nurse may fume
For the gay little cap with its eagle plume.
"One cannot be thinking all day of such matters!
Trifles are trifles!" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his coat!
Playing, he did not need it;
"Left it *right there*, by the nanny-goat,
And nobody never seed it!"
Now Mother and Nurse may search till night
For the new little coat with its buttons bright;

But " Coat sleeves or shirt sleeves, how little it matters !
Trifles are trifles ! " says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has LOST HIS BALL!
 Rolled away down the street !
Somebody'll *have to find it*, that's all,
 Before he can sleep or eat.
Now raise the neighborhood quickly, do !
And send for the crier and constable too !
Trifles are trifles, but serious matters,
They must be *seen to*, says little Prince Tatters.





THE ENTERPRISING TAPIR

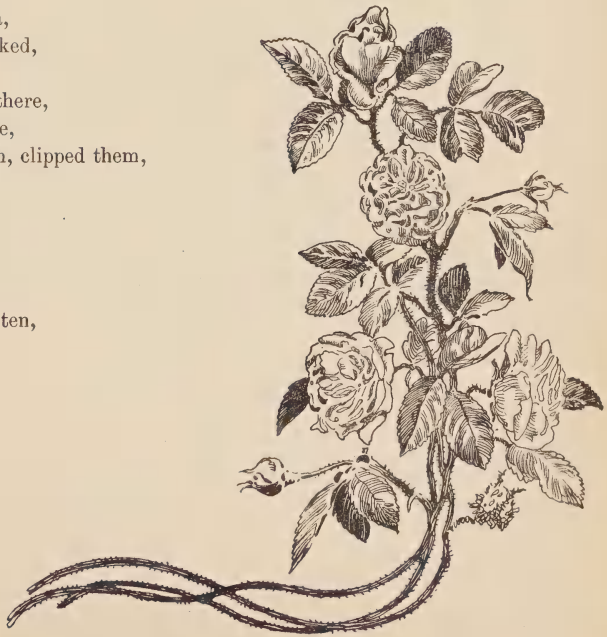
Once an enterprising Tapir
Started out upon a caper
Through the jungle, jungle, jungle,
In the Island of Ceylon;
And he met a young Agouti,
Who was something of a beauty,
And he said, "My Sweet and Pooty,
Shall we fare together on?"

So they clasped their paws together,
In a glad, ecstatic tether,
And went linking, jinking, linking,
Through the jungle far and wide;
And they wreathed their pointed noses

With — oh, well, we'll call them roses!
For the flora of the tropics has not all been classified.

Then they dined on tapioca,
And they washed it down with coca,
And they frolicked, jollicked, frolicked,
All about the spicy isle;
There were cassia buds and cloves there,
There was cinnamon in groves there,
And he clipped them, stripped them, clipped them,
For the smirking of her smile.

Said the enterprising Tapir,
"Life is fleeting like a vapor,
But 'twould brighten, lighten, brighten,
If I passed it at your side.
Oh, my charming young Agouti,



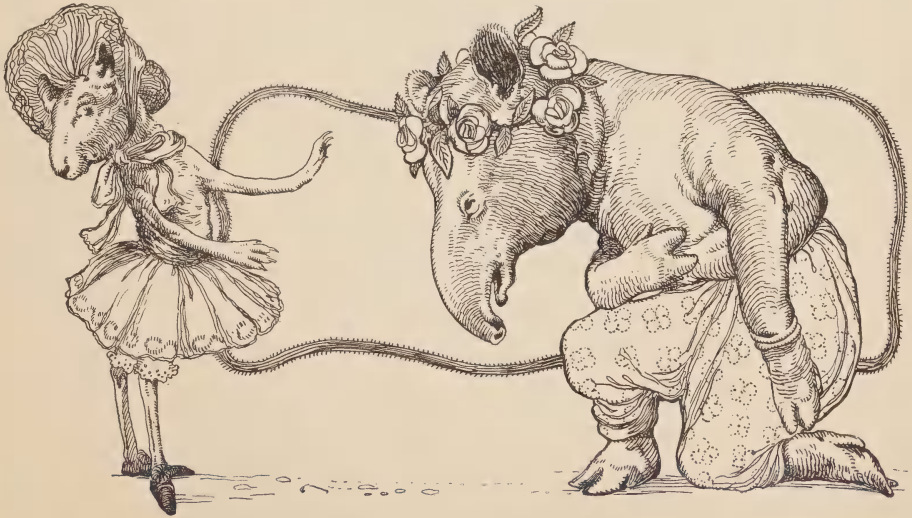


You shall live on Tutti Frutti,
If you'll only
Be the lonely
Tapir's bright and blooming bride!"

But th' Agouti did not see it;
Said not much she wouldn't be it;
And she mocked him, shocked him, mocked him,
Till he felt inclined to faint.
And he raised an anguished clamor
At her woful lack of grammar,
When she said: "What! marryin' tapirs?
Well, I rather guess I ain't!"

And his grief was so tremendous,
And his rage was so stupendous,
That he darted, started, darted
Through the jungle with a yell;
And perhaps the Gongo got him,

And perhaps the Shongo shot him;
You cannot be
Informed by me;
I promised not to tell.





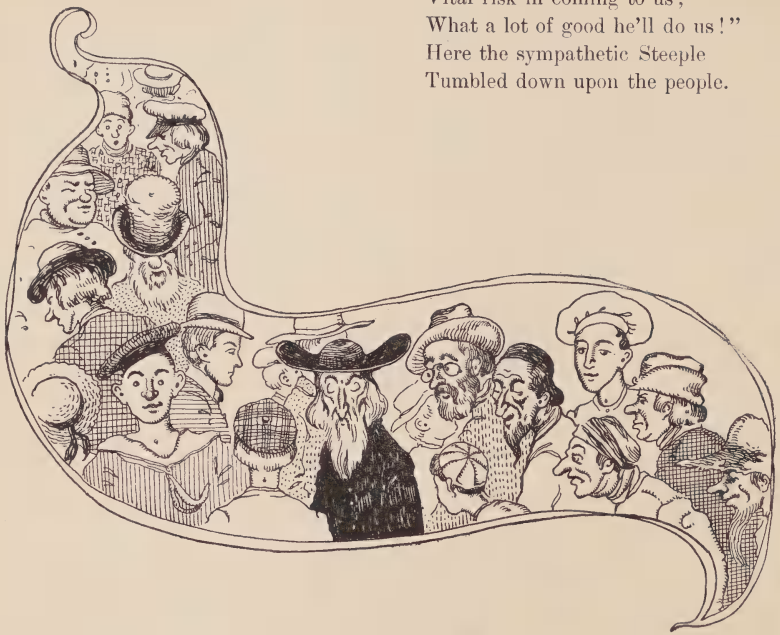
THE SYMPATHETIC STEEPLE

Once a sympathetic Steeple
Took to watching all the people
Passing by him every day,
This and that and t'other way.
Tall men, short men, fat men, thin men,
Wood men, coal men, truckmen, tin men,
Soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors,
Wharfingers and likewise whalers,
Butchers, bakers, undertakers,
Anabaptists, Jews, and Quakers.
And he said, "It makes me worry
For to see them hurry-scurry;
See them rush and push and jostle,
See them trip and skip and hustle,
Never stopping, never staying,



Never for a breath delaying,
Always going, going, going,
As the wind is always blowing.
They must be so very tired,
That with pity I'm inspired;
And I feel my mortar shaking,
And my very stones a-quaking
With the longing to be telling
All the grief within me swelling,
All the strong desire I'm feeling
Tenderness to be revealing,
Comprehension to be showing
Of the woes they're undergoing.
From my situation airy,
I would be a missionary,
Give them proof of my affection,
Coming down in their direction,
Touching them in such a manner
That they'll all exclaim, "He ran a





Vital risk in coming to us;
What a lot of good he'll do us!"
Here the sympathetic Steeple
Tumbled down upon the people.

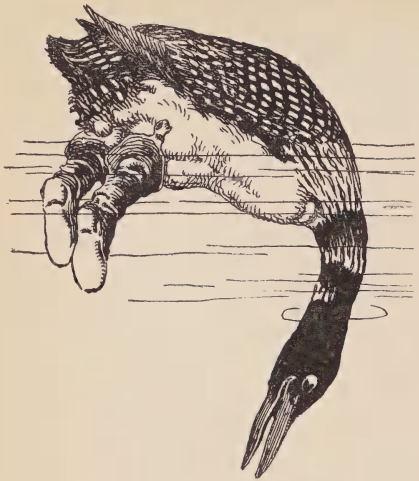
THE GOPHER

(AND OTHERS)

Did you ever see a gopher
A-sitting on a sopher,
A-sitting on a sopher and
A-curling of his hair?
He frizzles it so frizzily,
He squizzles it so squizzily,
His brain is turning dizzily
To find himself so fair.

Did you ever see a wild boar
Conversing with a mild bore,
About his rheumatism, and
The stitches in his side?



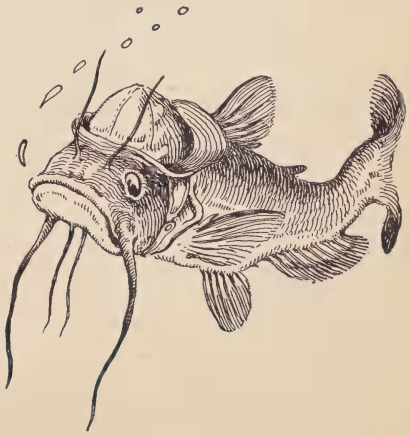


"The liniments I'm using, sir,
They really are confusing, sir;
I drank a bottle t'other night,
And thought I should have died!"

Did you ever see a wombat
Preparing for the combat,
Preparing for the combat with
The kicking kangaroo?
He trims his whiskers thoroughly,
He digs his burrows burrowly;
"Oh, whang! oh, bang! my boomerang!
I'm ready, wretch, for you!"

Did you ever see a horn-pout
Assuming a forlorn pout,
Because a loon had laughed at him,
And called him Grisly Gog?

"I thought he came, of duty full,
To tell me I was beautiful!
I might as well give up at once,
And be a yellow dog!"



SOME SAD PERSONS

Mr. Crump, Mr. Crump,
He went out to the pump,
To draw some molasses for tea;[1]
When out flew a flapjack,
And hit him a slapjack,
And who so astonished as he!



Mr. Crimp, Mr. Crimp,
Was so slender and jimp,
He was taken one night for a poker
By his aunt, in her sleep;
But she wildly did weep
When his yells of remonstrance awoke her.

[1] "It was a treacle well!" — *Alice in Wonderland.*

Mr. Cramp, Mr. Cramp,
He sat out in the damp,
To practise the Moonlight Sonata;
But a cat came along,
And joined in with her song,
So he changed to the Crazy Cantata.



FOUR OLD GENTLEMEN AND AN OLD LADY

AIR, "Lanigan's Ball."

Poor old Mr. Timothy Tittlebat,
Went one evening out for a ride;
Scared 'most into fits by a little bat,
Took to his bed, and lived till he died.

Chorus. Poor old Timothy! poor old Tittlebat!
Poor old gentleman, sorry for him!
Naughty, naughty, naughty little bat,
Flitting about when the daylight's dim.



Poor old Mr. Waldemar Wimbletop,
Went to walk in the park one day;

Naughty boy pegged his shins with a nimble top,
Sent him hobbling and bobbling away.

Cho. Poor old Waldemar! poor old Wimbletop!
Poor old gentleman, sorry for him!
Odious boy, to be pegging his nimble top
Right against the pedestrian shin.

Poor old Mr. Carnaby Cattermole
Dropped his spectacles into the well;
Left him blind as ever a bat or mole,
Things that happened too sad to tell.

Cho. Poor old Carnaby! poor old Cattermole!
Poor old gentleman, sorry for him!
Sad to be blind as a bat or mole,
Groping about with never a glim.

Poor old Mistress Deborah Dillaway,
Tramp invited himself to dine;



When she saw him guttle and swill away,
Down she dropped in a quick decline.

Cho. Poor old Deborah! poor old Dillaway!
Poor old lady, sorry for her!
Odious tramp, to guttle and swill away;
Hulking, skulking, cowardly cur!

Poor old Mr. Marmaduke Merrywig,
Begged the barber to curl his hair;
When he found 'twas only a periwig,
Barber died in a dark despair.

Cho. Poor old Marmaduke! poor old Merrywig!
Poor old barber, sorry for you!
Pitiful plight, to be pained by a periwig;
Horrorful, sorrerful tale (if true)!

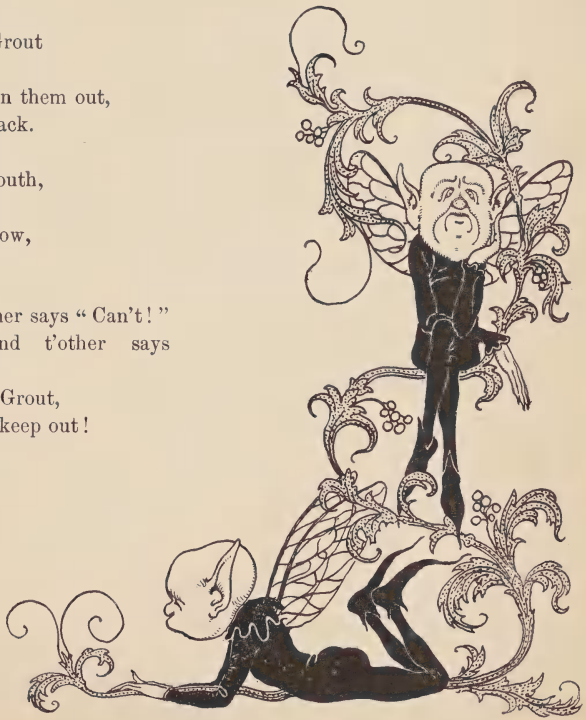


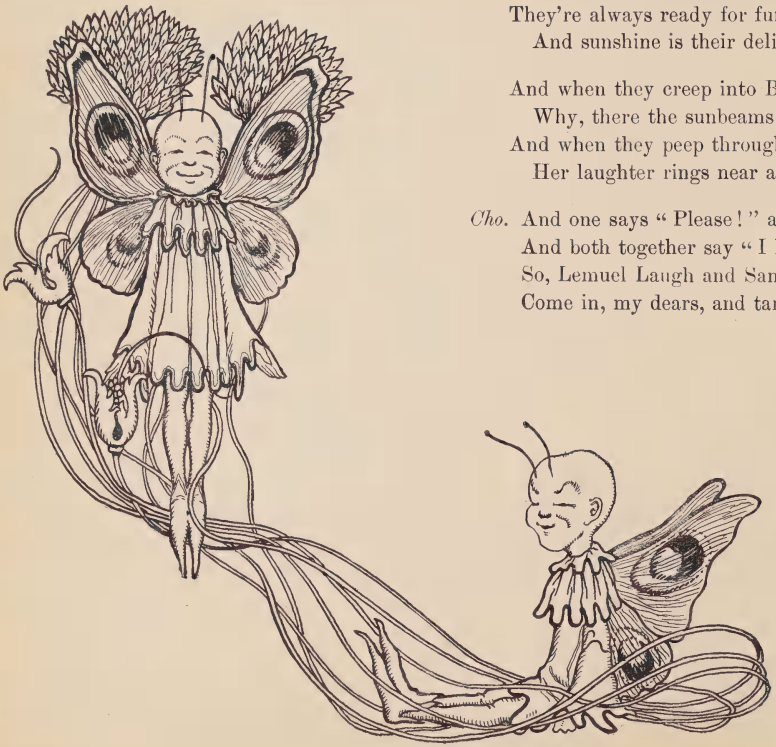
A NURSERY SONG

Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout
Are two little goblins black.
Full oft from my house I've driven them out,
But somehow they still come back.

They clamber up to the baby's mouth,
And pull the corners down;
They perch aloft on the baby's brow,
And twist it into a frown.

Chorus. And one says "Must!" and t'other says "Can't!"
And one says "Shall!" and t'other says
"Sha'n't!"
Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
I pray you now, from my house keep out!





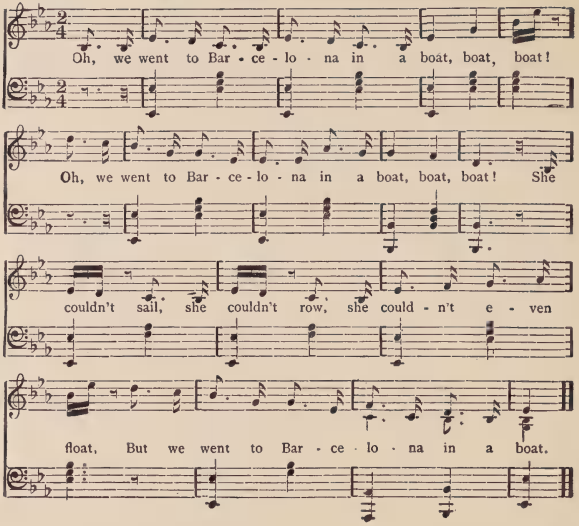
But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
Are two little fairies light:
They're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight.

And when they creep into Baby's eyes,
Why, there the sunbeams are;
And when they peep through her rosy lips,
Her laughter rings near and far.

Cho. And one says "Please!" and t'other says "Do!"
And both together say "I love you!"
So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
Come in, my dears, and tarry awhile!

The Voyage to Barcelona

The Voyage to Barcelona.



THE VOYAGE TO BARCELONA

We went to Barcelona in a boat, boat, boat;
Oh, we went to Barcelona in a boat, boat, boat;
She couldn't sail, she couldn't row,
She couldn't even float;
But we went to Barcelona in a boat.

She wasn't on the ocean, and she wasn't on the sea,
She wasn't on the river or the lake, lake, lake;
But she was up in Father's barn, as snug as snug could be,
And that was how we came the voyage to take.

Chorus. When we went to Barcelona in a boat, boat, boat,
When we went to Barcelona in a boat, boat, boat;
She couldn't sail, she couldn't row, she couldn't even float,
But we went to Barcelona in a boat.



Now Tom he was the commodore, and Billy was the mate,
And I was both the boatswain and the cook, cook, cook;
We took some pies and doughnuts, and some sausages for bait,
And that was every single thing we took;

Cho. When we went to Barcelona, etc.

Oh, first we caught a pickerel, and then we caught a shark,
And then we caught a flounder and an eel, eel, eel;
And then we met a school of whales, and then a pirate bark,
And we chased 'em till they vanished with a squeal;

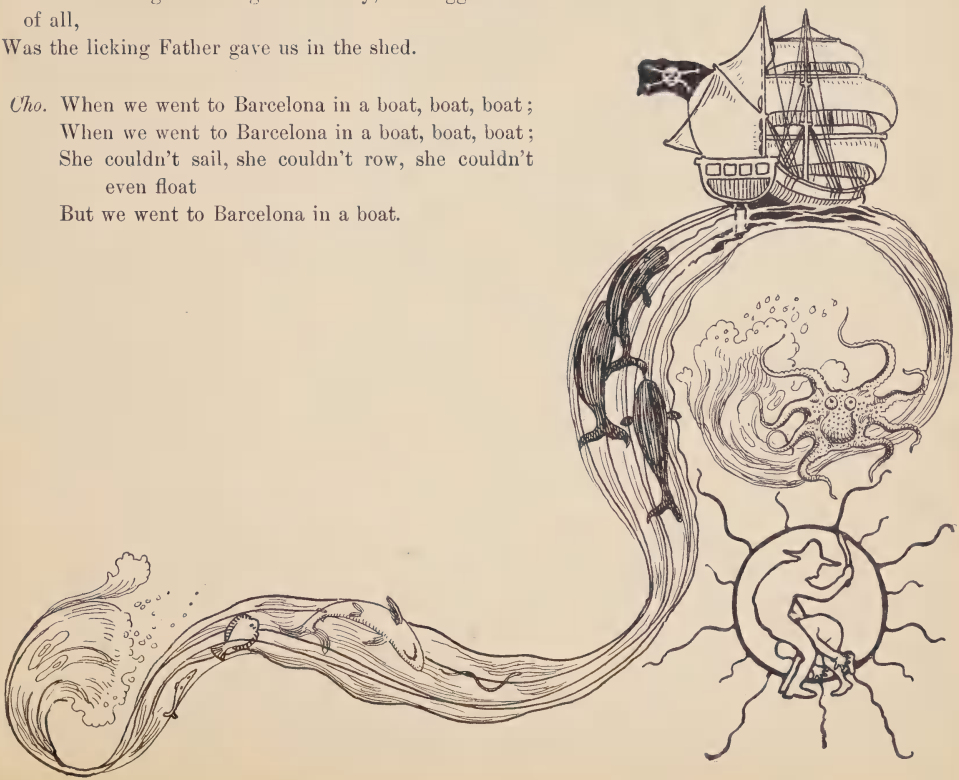
Cho. When we went to Barcelona, etc.

And next we caught an octopus, and, my! he was a haul,
With eyes as big as saucers in his head, head, head;


J. J. MORA
SOAP

But of all the things we caught that day, the biggest one of all,
Was the licking Father gave us in the shed.

Cho. When we went to Barcelona in a boat, boat, boat;
When we went to Barcelona in a boat, boat, boat;
She couldn't sail, she couldn't row, she couldn't even float
But we went to Barcelona in a boat.





BUNGAY LAND

When in his purple sleeps the sun,
When the dance and the daylight's done,
When the fire burns red and low,
Shadows gloom and embers glow,
Gather the children round my knee,
Big ones, little ones, three and three,
Topknot, pigtail, curl and crop,
Bat and book and doll and top,
And all together, away we go
Over the hills to Bungay, oh!

Chorus. Bungay Land, Bungay Land,
Fair and broad and fair it lies;
Bungay Land, Bungay Land,
When shall it greet my longing eyes?

"What shall we do in Bungay, oh?"
Answers the eldest, smiling slow;
"I will sing to a lute of gold,
Music sweeter than may be told.
All the fish that swim in the sea,
Hop and pop, they'll come up to me;
All the birds that fly in the air,
Flittering, twittering, they'll be there;
Every beast that runs in the land,
Up on his hind legs straight will stand,
All for to hear my music flow
Over the hills of Bungay, oh!"

Cho. Bungay Land, Bungay Land,
Fair and broad and fair it lies;
Bungay Land, Bungay Land,
When shall it greet my longing eyes?

"What shall we do in Bungay, oh?"
Answers the second, laughing low;





"I will dance in spangled shoon,
Dance and fling by the light o' the moon.
All the princes that Bungay owns,
Down they'll leap from their ivory thrones,
Tuck their crowns well under their arm,
Pin up their ermine safe from harm,
Seven-league boots, they'll pull them on,
Hoppety skip, and away they run,
Till crown in hand they are louting low,
To see me dance in Bungay, oh!"

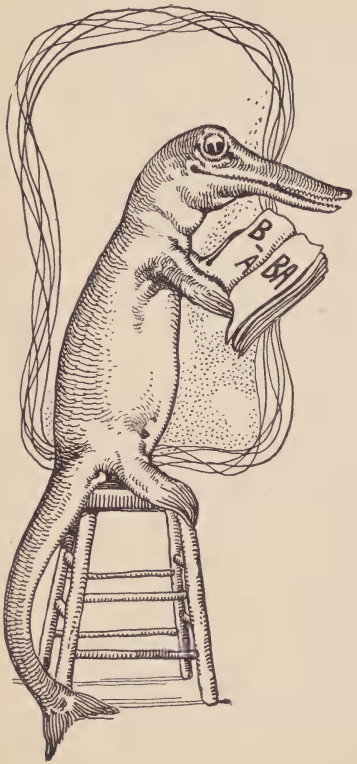
Cho. Bungay Land, Bungay Land,
Fair and broad and fair it lies;
Bungay Land, Bungay Land,
When shall it greet my longing eyes?

"What shall we do in Bungay, oh?"
Answers the youngest, "Ho! ho! ho!
Naught I care for your golden singing;
Naught I care for your moonlight flinging.

I will climb the Hill of Candies,
Rising high as the highest Andes;
Crags of caramel, cliffs of cream,
Bluffs of barley, a diamond dream,
Avalanches of lemon-drops
Smoothly sliding from all the tops;
Climb and climb till the crest I gain,
Then eat my own way down again.
And who but I will be king, I trow,
Over the land of Bungay, oh!"

Cho. Bungay Land, Bungay Land,
Fair and broad and fair it lies;
Bungay Land, Bungay Land,
When shall it greet my longing eyes?



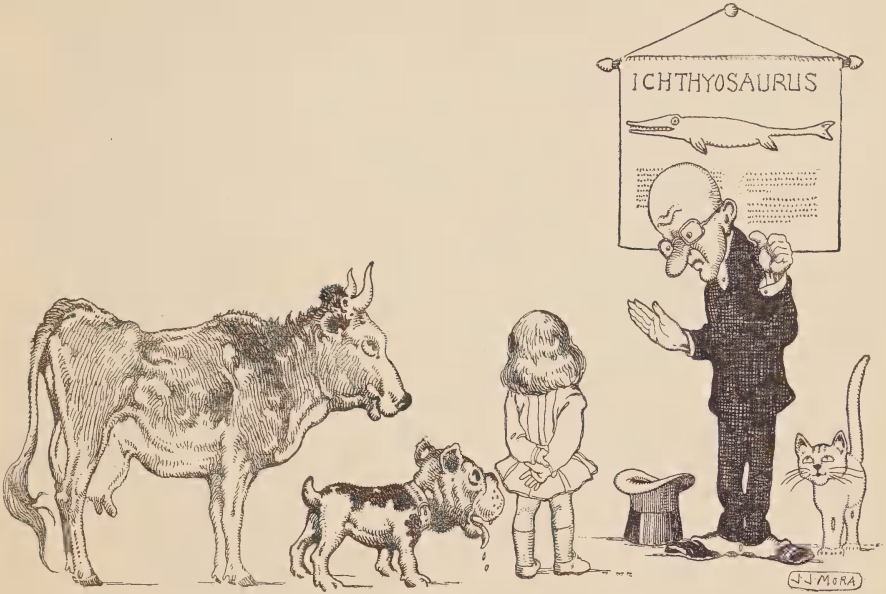


ICHTHYOSAURUS

The Ichthyosaurus
Lived before us,
 In the days of long ago;
Of all the things
That bother and bore us,
 Naught did the Ichthyosaurus know.

He never learned his B-a Ba,
 He never went to school;
He never learned to strum and play,
 He was not such a fool.

He never filled the dentist's chair,
 That Ichthyosauric kid,
But wallowed and swallowed,


ICHTHYOSAURUS
J.J MORA

And swallowed and wallowed,
 And that was all he did.

If the Ichthyosaurus
Rose before us,
 In the days of you and me,
Raise, oh, raise the wondering chorus!
 What would the Ichthyosaurus see?

We'd take him to a football match,
 We'd take him to a fire;
We'd teach him how to punt and catch
 Beyond his heart's desire.

We'd make him ride a bicycle,
 Likewise an automobile;
And see how he'd wriggle,
And waggle and wiggle,
 With Ichthyosaurian zeal.





But —

If the Ichthyosaurus
Wished to floor us,
After all the things we'd done,
How would it be if off he bore us?
How should we find his kind of fun?

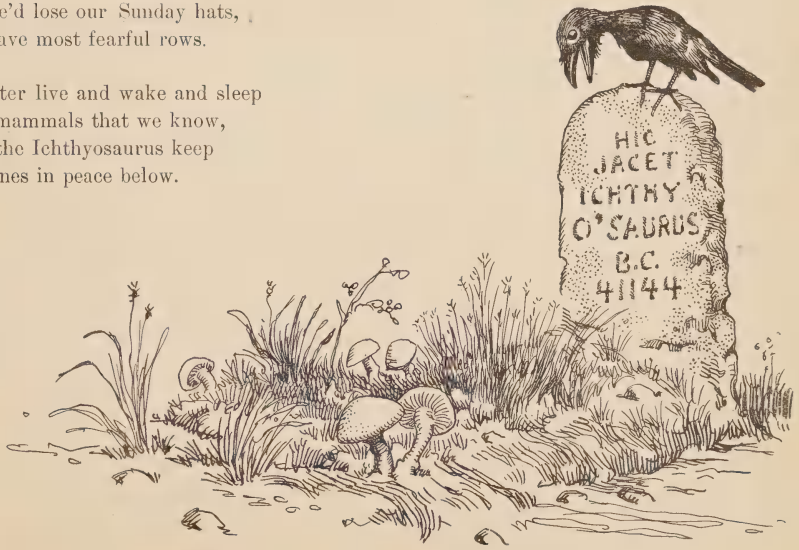
He'd call the young Iguanodon,
The prehistoric shark;
He'd say, "Here are some human boys,
And now we'll have a lark.

"We'll take them to a social splash,
We'll take them to a dive;
We'll make them play at spatter-dash,
As long as they're alive."

Oh! the Ichthyosaurus
(Raise the chorus!)
 Lived a very long time ago;
Then the earth was spongy and porous,
 Now it's crusty and old, you know.

We'd better stick to dogs and cats,
 We'd better stick to cows;
Unless we'd lose our Sunday hats,
 And have most fearful rows.

We'd better live and wake and sleep
 With mammals that we know,
And let the Ichthyosaurus keep
 His bones in peace below.





A SONG FOR SCHOOL

Some boys, when they come into school,
(And some girls, too!)
I grieve to be obliged to say
That this is what they do.
They wriggle,
And jiggle;
They hang their heads
And giggle;
They twitter,
And titter,
They bounce and flounce
And flitter.
Whatever thoughts their minds may fill
They've *no* idea of keeping still.

Some boys, when they take up their books,
(And some girls, too!)
I weep to be obliged to say
That this is what they do.
They batter them,
They tatter them;
They crumple, rumple,
Scatter them.
They scrawl them,
And maul them,
They snatch and pull
And haul them.
It makes me *very* sad to state,
A schoolbook's is a wretched fate.

Some boys, when they stand up in class,
(And some girls, too!)
Imagination it will pass
To see the things they do!



They shuffle,
And scuffle;
They sneeze and wheeze
And snuffle.
They splutter,
And mutter,
And stut-tut-tut-
Tut-tutter.
They fumble,
And stumble,
They grin and gasp
And grumble.
Oh! if they *knew* how they appear,
They'd try to mend their ways, that's clear!



PUSSY MITZ AND DOGGIE SPITZ

Little pussy Mitz and little doggie Spitz
 Lived in a house together.
She wore a ribbon of sky-blue silk,
 He wore a collar of leather.

She liked cream in a china dish,
 He liked bones in a corner,
He loved to jump at his master's wish,
 But she was of laws a scorner.

He liked to roll in the garden mud,
 She was as clean as a Quâker;
He always barked at the butcher's man,
 And she humped her back at the baker.



But the joy of both was to curl up and lie
In the corner of the sofa there,
And each wore the willow when the other got the pillow,
And neither thought the other one fair.

Said little pussy Mitz, "I shall go into fits,
If I can't have my corner now."
Said little doggie Spitz, "Pray compose your little wits,
What business have you here, anyhow?"

With a "bow! wow! wow!" and a "fss! fss! fss!"
With a yap and a snap and a snarl and a hiss.
Till the mistress came with her great big broom,
And drove both the combatants out of the room.



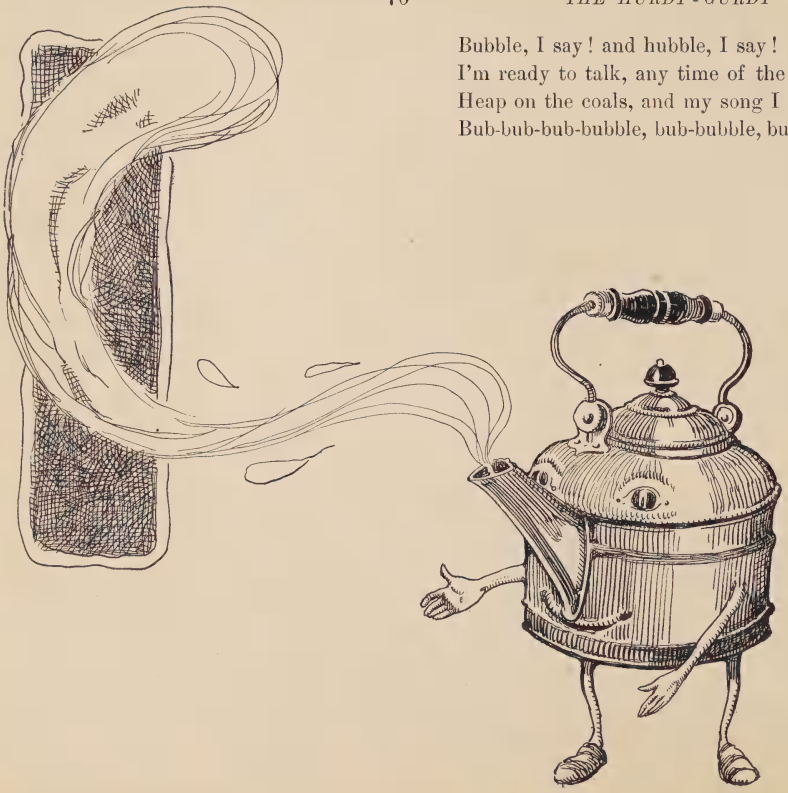
THE KETTLE

Oh, I am a kettle! a kettle am I!
I never shall strive to deny it.
There's nothing about me that's sneaking or sly;
Deception, I never shall try it.
Bubble, I say! and hubble, I say!
Some folks may not like it, but that is my way.
I mind my own business, and give no trouble;
Bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble!

They say I am black; I admit it is true.
A respectable tint, and I love it.
I never, no, never set out to be blue;
As for yellow or red, I'm above it.



Bubble, I say! and hubble, I say!
I'm ready to talk, any time of the day.
Heap on the coals, and my song I will double;
Bub-bub-bub-bubble, bub-bubble, bub-bubble!

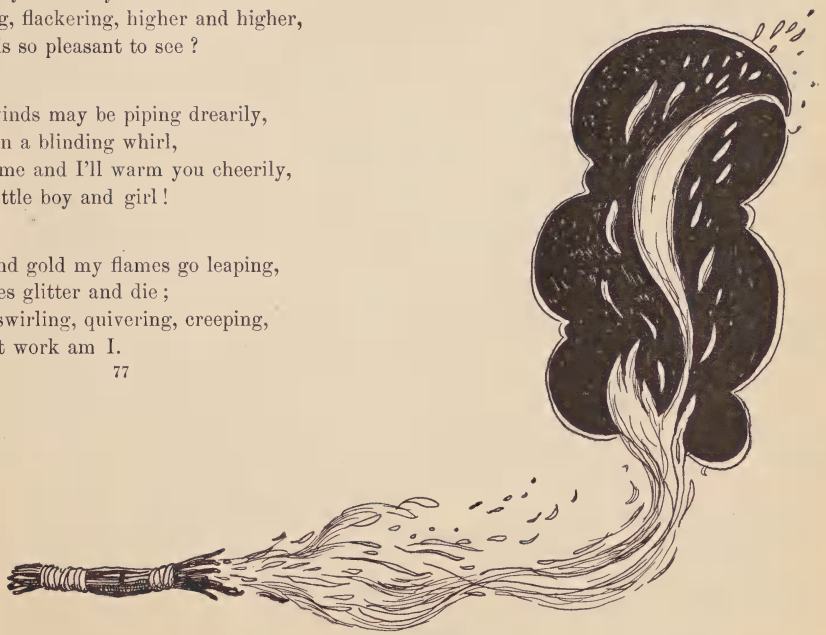


THE FIRE

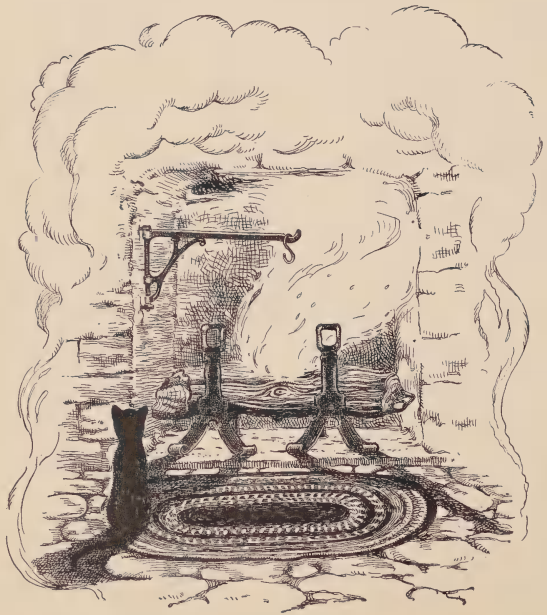
Cricklety cracklety, I am the Fire!
Cricklety cracklety cree!
Flickering, flackering, higher and higher,
What is so pleasant to see?

Winter winds may be piping drearily,
Snow in a blinding whirl,
Come to me and I'll warm you cheerily,
Dear little boy and girl!

Scarlet and gold my flames go leaping,
Sparkles glitter and die;
Curling, swirling, quivering, creeping,
Ever at work am I.



Wood or coal, however you feed me,
I'm your friend, whenever you need me.
Roar away, soar away, higher and higher,
Cricklety cracklety, I am the Fire!



THE BANCHING BOGDO [1]

Across the plains of far Thibet
One morning as I jogged, oh!
Behind my peaceful yak, I met
The fearful Banching Bogdo.

His grisly tail was cleft in three,
His grisly mane was hogged, oh!
He was most gruesome for to see,
The awful Banching Bogdo.



[1] He procured me several burkham and *tankas* or temple banners, decorated with portraits of the Dalai Lama and Banching Bogdo. Where he got them from I do not know. — *Through Asia*, Sven Hedin, Vol. II. p. 1094.

I rode within a tarantass,
The wheels of it were cogged, oh!
'Twas near the Kinchy Winchy Pass
I met the Banching Bogdo.

My eyes with terror goggled wide,
My wits became befogged, oh!
"Alas! alas!" I wildly cried;
"Behold the Banching Bogdo!"

I turned to flee; he spotted me,
My flying steps he dogged, oh!
He snuffed and snorted savagely,
The horrid Banching Bogdo.

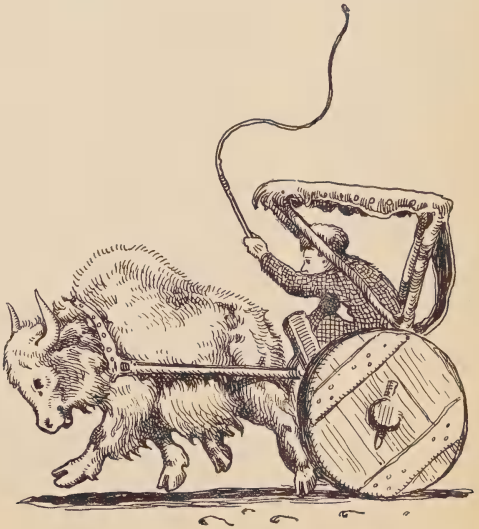
"O peaceful yak, so slow you walk,
You must be water-logged, oh!
Behind us see him swiftly stalk,
The frightful Banching Bogdo!"

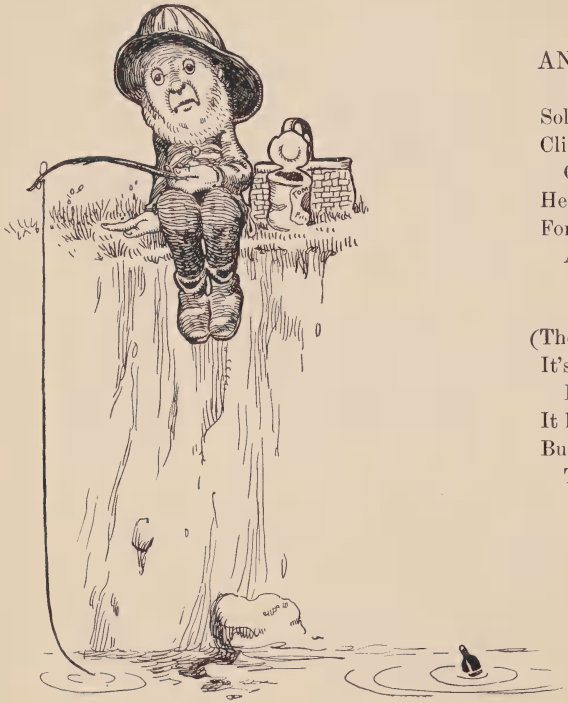
But lo! we reached a reedy swamp,
Whose waters were befrogged, oh!
And through't we plunged with hasty stamp;
Not so the Banching Bogdo!

His triple tail flopped in behind,
With mud it soon was clogged, oh!
His plaintive howls restored my mind,
The clumsy Banching Bogdo.

And ever slipped he further back,
And ever slower slogged, oh!
"Away, away, my peaceful yak!
Nor fear the Banching Bogdo!"

With joyful roar we reached the shore,
And gaily off we shogged, oh!
"Farewell! I'll see thee never more,
O stupid Banching Bogdo!"





AN UNUSUAL STORY

Solomon Shanks
Climbed up the Banks
 Of Newfoundland one day;
He went to fish
For squod and squish,
 And barter them for hay.

(The fish called squod —
It's rather odd —
 Is found not in the books:
It has two tails,
But language fails
 To tell how else it looks.

The fish called squish —
(I really wish
The man who draws these things
Had better taste!
It has *no* waist,
And not a sign of wings!)



Solomon Shanks
Fell off the Banks
Of Newf— what's that you say?
"They're 'neath the sea?"
Well, that may be;
But where d' they get the hay?





THE TALE OF THE PIOUS PUNDIT

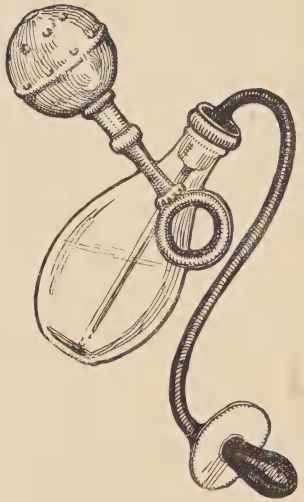
Once there was a pious pundit,
Lived in Singapore;
Wickedness he always shunned it,
Vice he did abhor.
"Oh!" said he, "Good gracious! maybe
I may have sinned when I was a baby;
Deary me! what can the way be
Virtue to restore?"

Back to infancy I'll hie me,
Live my life again;
Though temptations come to try me,
They will come in vain.
I will be a babe so saintly,
Bear myself so Quaker-quaintly,

Fancy can but figure faintly
How my soul I'll train."

So he bought himself a rattle,
Dressed him in a frock;
With the colic 'gan to battle,
Curled his only lock.
"True, I may not be so pretty,
Quite, as babes I see in the city,
But I'm very much more witty,
And as firm's a rock."

When the people came around him,
Wildly did they stare;
Playing with his toes they found him,
In his baby-chair.
"Oh! we don't see how you can, sir;
Kindly tell us what's your plan, sir!"
"Google goo!" he made them answer.
"Want a moon up dere!"





"Why," they cried, "this sash so rosy?
Why this coral red?
Why thus glower at your toesy,
Gnaw that crust of bread?"
All his face with smiles a-wreathing,
Said the sage, "A-goo! I'm teething;
Yet no least complaint I'm breathing;
See me grin instead!"

But while all around admired
Such a sight to see,
Came his Yogi Foe, inspired
With unholy glee.
While the rest as Swami ranked him,
Sang his praises, blessed and thanked him,
T'other took him up and spanked him.
"One," he said, "for me!"

Cried the sage, "Unhand me, ruffin!
Dread a Swami's curse!"

Said the Foe, "The child's been stuffin';
 Bless you, I'm his nurse!
Bring the salts, and bring the squills, now;
Bring the boluses and pills, now;
 I must cure him of his ills now,
 Or he may get worse."

When the people sadly left him,
 Spanked and doctored sore,
Rage had of his wits bereft him;
 Krishna! how he swore!
And he fell upon his foeman,
Tooth and nail and heel and toe, man,
Left him such a sight that no man
 Knew that Yogi more.

Moral: Don't be too sure of yourself!





THE ASPIRING COW

There once was a cow,
Who did not know how
 To do all the things she desired;
So she sent for a tutor,
In hopes he would suit her,
 For she with ambition was fired.

Her lessons she took
By the side of a brook,
 Where she sat with the utmost sobriety,
While the tutor remained
On his feet, and explained
 The habits of polished society.


J.J.MORA

When five o'clock came,
This bovinical dame
Had her tea-table brought by a bossy
Whose tail and whose ears
Never wagged at their peers,
And whose liv'ry was brindled and glossy.

But the tutor, said he,
"To take afternoon tea
Is, madam, an elegant custom;
But if thus you lap up
Both the saucer and cup,
The chances will be that you'll bust 'em."

"I have longed for a chance
Of learning to dance,"
Said the cow, "like the ladies of Gotham.



They've but two feet, I four,
And behind and before
Some curious steps I might show them."

Said the tutor "'Tis true!
And when stocking and shoe
You find that will fit you, dear lady,
The exper'ment we'll try;
Yet I cannot deny
That the outlook for glory is shady."

"But above everything
I desire to sing,"
Said Moolly; "and if you'll instruct me,
I vow, as I live,
The first concert I give,
To the instrument you shall conduct me."

The tutor was brave,
But at this he looked grave.
"Some traits," he replied, "must be natal;
To this project, I ween,
The difference between
Music and moo-sick must be fatal."

"Alas!" cried the cow;
"But tell me then, how
Shall I shine in the highest society?
For my manners and dress,
I'm obliged to confess,
Have not yet attained notoriety."

Said the tutor, "Dear ma'm,
Society's palm
Does, or ought to belong to the one



Who does the right thing,
Be it moo, dance or sing,
And incongruous effort doth shun.

"Go back to your byre,
Nor longer aspire
Toward things which to do you're unable;
Enough, you can claim
You're the *crême de la crême*,
While the cream-pitcher stands on our table."



LITTLE DAME DOWDY

Little Dame Dowdy lived alone,
In a little old house that she called her own;
Mouse-traps and marmalade,
Candle-ends too,
Gaiters and garters,
And ganders and glue.

Chorus. Howdy, howdy, little Dame Dowdy?
Look in the glass and you'll never be proudy.
Howdy, howdy, little Dame Dowdy?
Howdy dowdy do!

Little Dame Dowdy used to dress
Out of the fashion, I must confess.



Pantalet, crinoline, turban and cap,
Ruffle and puffle and flippety-flap.

Cho. Howdy, howdy, little Dame Dowdy?
Look in the glass and you'll never be proudy;
Howdy, howdy, little Dame Dowdy?
Howdy dowdy do!



Little Dame Dowdy had a cat,
Spottled and mottled and fickle and fat;
Cat and a dog and a turkey-cock too;
Fed them on sausage and stickle-back stew.

Cho. Howdy, howdy, little Dame Dowdy?
Look in the glass and you'll never be proudy;
Howdy, howdy, little Dame Dowdy?
Howdy dowdy do!

MR. BILLY BOBWIG

Mr. Billy Bobwig
Lived in our town;
First he walked up the street,
Then he walked down.
Whether he looked handsomer
By night or by day,
Mr. Billy Bobwig
Really couldn't say.

Mr. Billy Bobwig
Loved a pretty maid;
Whether she were coy enough,
Of that he was afraid.
"Funny little gentleman,
Will you love me true?"





Said Mr. Billy Bobwig,
"This will never do!"

Mr. Billy Bobwig,
Very greatly shocked,
Went into his little house,
Shut the door, and locked.
"Ladies never, never,
Words like these can say!"
Mr. Billy Bobwig's
A bachelor to-day.

THE DANGER OF TOO MUCH POLITENESS

Oh, Gabriel Grubbins the lawyer,
Oh, Solomon Stubbins the sawyer,
They both wished to marry
Miss Tabitha Tarry,
Who lived in Cat Alley alone,
She did.

But both were so very polite, my dear,
They said "After you, sir!" till night, my dear;
Till the lady grew tired
(Though both she admired),
And married a sergeant from Scone,
She did.

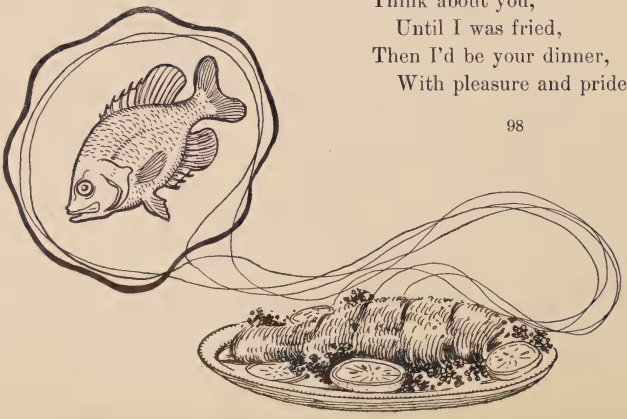




AN "IF" SONG

If I were a bird,
I know what I'd do;
I'd sit in a tree,
And sing about you.
Sing about you,
Till dinner-time came,
Then I'd fly away,
But I'd love you the same.

If I were a fish,
I know what I'd do;
I'd sit in a dish,
And think about you.
Think about you,
Until I was fried,
Then I'd be your dinner,
With pleasure and pride.




The End




Sam
JVM